

ness of the sea made it a somewhat difficult matter to approach me; twice they tried to steady the boat under the bows without success; on the third attempt the mate caught the tails of my overcoat and hung firmly on, by that means steadied the yawl. Another small boat, a schooner, was seen to become entangled in the folds of the rope to such a degree that I found myself perfectly unable to loose myself without the aid of a knife; this occurred at the time consumed in cutting the rope seemed to me an age; at last I managed to save myself through it strand by strand, and as the yawl started the schooner, so great was the excitement that I felt like to stand again in the bottom of the yawl. On going back to the schooner I discovered a man on a part of the wreck about one mile in the same direction. They first took me to the schooner, and then they came ashore on board the boat started for the other man.

The time began about five o'clock A. M., and the hurricane lasted six hours later. All happened within eight miles of each other. The schooner and the coal being thrown overboard by a colored porter some of them were driven by the wind into the

bued with the very spirit of luxury and indolence, while they have lost nothing of the grating egotism of those who lived in cockneydom. Each officer of this expedition has at least five servants—his *ghora* (horse), or groom, *butchar* (cook), *swamit* (headman), *chawal* (servant), *chak* (carpenter), and *chakhar* or washerman. These servants are indispensable, a good natured officer will tell you. "Gad, man alive, how is a fellow to live without them in this damned hot sun." Certainly. How are the poor fellows to live without them? Can an American

have cheerfully undertaken the task to erect their great works under the hot sun of Africa, untempered by breezes of any kind. To the multitudinous wildernesses and ever increasing impediments they have opposed a determined spirit and an unflagging energy. It is true that they have proceeded with the expedition in a different manner to what the Americans or the French would have done; but the position of affairs now gives reason to hope that the

pany, which guard Post No. 2. Extensive bungalows have been erected of bushes for the protection of stores from the hot sun. This place is commanded by Brigadier General Malcolm, an old East India officer.

Water and forage are to be had in abundance, and the natives, who appear to have at least breechcloths to cover their nakedness, sell very readily their cattle and goats, of which they possess great numbers.

in the event of Theodoros being deposed by the ED  
well as to anticipate a military coup  
which would result in a new government.

... suspense it seemed to me many hours. The room

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